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THE  
**ANTI-TEAPOT**  
REVIEW.

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T H E

# ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW.

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No. XV.—NOVEMBER 15TH, 1867.

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## LONG SCORES.

THAT reform in one shape or another is necessary from time to time in all mundane institutions, no reasonable person can be inclined to doubt; similarly, that reform grounded on the restless principle of mere love of change, is unnecessary and pernicious, will, we think, be also conceded. Without entering into the history of reforms, or enquiring into the good or bad results severally produced thereby on those of our various institutions which have been subjected to such progressive ordeals, we pass on to a particular case of reform, which, though neither directly political nor ecclesiastical in its bearing, is nevertheless one in which Englishmen of all sorts and conditions must take an active and natural interest, inasmuch as it affects one of their objects of pride,—their national game.

“Reform in Cricket! what next? Are Mr. Bright and his companions, Odgers and Beales, going to enter into a ‘dirty conspiracy’ to do away with our national game as well as our Constitution?” No; but reform in cricket is a subject which, we believe, has before this been, although almost silently, mooted in various quarters, and is one which, especially at this season of the year, when cricketers have laid aside their arms for a time, is well worthy of being discussed by those, to the tender mercies of whom the rules of cricket are by universal consent committed.

That some measure of reform is needed in our national game, appears from the incontestable fact that the science and art of batting has in these latter days arrived at such an astonishing height of perfection, that the most formidable bowlers, *monstra horrenda* of yore, are obliged to acknowledge their efforts to be

almost useless on good grounds, and of course *cæteris paribus*. What then is to be done to prevent long scores from being made? although the bowling of the present day is quite up to the average, and in spite of bowlers of all sorts, fast, medium, slow, lob, right-handed, and left-handed, from the head, arm, or wrist, "shooters" are stopped by dozens, good balls are played by fifties, bad balls are punished to the *n*th; those fielding have as much leather-hunting afforded them by one kindly-disposed batsman as in former days was given by the united efforts of a whole eleven; while the bowler, with the three stumps only twenty-two yards in front of him, is fain to ask, "But how shall I get there?" and the compassionate public give him the only "plain direction,"—

"Straight down the crooked lane,  
And all round the square."

Several remedies for restoring to the bowlers the advantage they have most undeniably lost, have been proposed. The Committee of the M.C.C. have apparently tried the somewhat dangerous experiment of allowing their naturally bumpy ground to supply the deficiencies of the bowlers. This plan, it need scarcely be remarked, has been in some sort successful, and it has in it considerable merit, inasmuch as it limits the duration of a match to two days; but it cannot be esteemed altogether a satisfactory manner of disposing of the growing evil. Besides being a retrogressive movement, it is fraught with damage to those who are taught to look up to the M.C.C. as a tutelary deity; and we are of opinion that players in general have some, however small, respect for their own limbs, and we may not be far wrong in asserting that they look on a good ground as one of the most important items in the game. A more reasonable suggestion is that which proposes to heighten the stumps, and to have four stumps instead of three. The only difficulty here is that this scheme must first be sanctioned by the M.C.C.; for it would be an utter absurdity to submit it to a test on such a ground as Lord's; there, even under the existing rules, the best players of England, owing to the wonderful state of the ground, can play out a match in a day and a half. Now the scheme of introducing an additional stump at each wicket, appears to us to be quite feasible. The cricket-grounds of England might easily be arranged by authority into three classes; on the first-class grounds might be adopted the plan of having four stumps, and also the wicket heightened,—on the second-class grounds either the wicket might be heightened, or else an extra

stump introduced,—and on the third-class grounds, things might remain as they do now on all grounds alike.

A reform on this moderate scale might well be introduced, and when carried into effect would not be found to create a revolution. Competent judges might, in each of the principal towns, easily determine to which class each ground ought to belong; and such a classification could not fail to incite many clubs to be zealous in providing for the safety of their members' lives; and in course of time we shall have a constant succession of grounds carefully laid down, and taking their places amongst those of the first class. If one of the rules,—that concerning the bowling of the ball,—can be altered to suit the convenience of a single Kentish bowler,—or bowler of Kent, if he prefers the title,—why, we ask, cannot a simple measure of reform with respect to the height and width of the wicket, according to the nature and quality of the ground, be introduced by equally universal concurrence? Experience teaches us, that, as long as the present rule exists, and as long as we can boast of grounds equal in quality to the Oval or the Brighton, in course of time we shall find that, instead of all the players having their innings, it will be all innings for those only who are lucky enough to win the choice of innings.

SHORT SLIP.

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## THE ADVENTURES OF MISS GUSHING.

### INTRODUCTORY. PART I.

MISS GUSHING is a young lady of considerable attractions. She has a pretty face, and an elegant figure; and, without any pretensions to exquisite beauty, her general appearance is extremely pleasing. She is short, but well-proportioned, with a bearing by no means deficient in dignity. The expression of her countenance is lively and animated. Her mouth is small, and the lips are thin and delicately cut. A smile generally plays over her face; but, though habitual, it never degenerates into a smirk, and can be changed at any moment into a look of pensive thoughtfulness. But personal charms, great as they are, form only a part of her natural gifts. They are the setting of much rarer gems. She is endowed, besides, with entrancing manners, and a lively wit, which are exercised with so much taste and discretion, that she is altogether an enchanting creature. In the society she frequents she moves supreme. Every one bows be-

fore her superior attractions : for though many are more beautiful, none are so attractive. And this social supremacy, strange to say, is the cause of no ill-feeling among her lady friends. With them, envy seems to be absorbed in admiration, and they appear to regard her as the glory of their sex. Among men, however, her enemies are numerous, and perhaps none can be said to be really her friends. She is the cause of endless quarrels and heartburnings. Probably no one was ever the subject of so much praise, and at the same time of so much censure, as Miss Emily Gushing.

There is nothing so charming in a young girl as an elegant observance of social forms. It is better to have graceful manners than the most resplendent beauty, as all who have the advantage of knowing Miss Gushing must readily admit. As an example of her address, those who become acquainted with her cannot but be struck, at their first introduction, with the grace of her curtsy. She is, naturally, a little proud of it herself. It consists in bending with the utmost grace and elegance as low as is possible without losing equilibrium, and in rising again with no visible sign of effort. It may seem a small thing to those unacquainted with society, but a curtsy, as performed by Miss Gushing, is a singularly beautiful sight. Indeed, it has been known to convert, without any assistance, a phlegmatic bachelor into an ardent lover.

In addition to this acquired charm, there is another akin to it, partly acquired and partly natural, which attracts universal notice. Few eyes are more fascinating than those of Miss Gushing. They are large, dark, and lustrous, and possess extraordinary powers of expression, which, by frequent exercise, have been much increased. It has been said by one of her acquaintance, that the exclamation "Oh!" accompanied with a single glance from her eyes, is capable of conveying all the wisdom and all the emotion of humanity. Others, however, with less acute observation, or less fertile imagination, assert that if her eyes had any natural beauty originally, they have long since lost it by a practice of shameless ogling. She has heard, say they, of the powers of fascination in a serpent's eyes, and, being an ambitious girl, endeavours to produce a similar power in her own. She has read that a glance from human eyes is more expressive than words, and, with the aid of both, hopes to prove irresistible. Such, in the opinion of a considerable number of sagacious young men, is the origin of the eloquence of Miss Gushing's eyes. In the opinion of others, this account is only a malicious fable.

Next to fine eyes, there is no more powerful means of attraction

than a beautiful voice. With regard to the character of Miss Gushing's voice, there is the same difference of opinion. One enthusiastic youth calls it "the warbling of a nightingale;" another declares that by nature it is harsher than a peacock's. Some say it is the perfection of musical sweetness; others, expatiating on the powers of art over nature, bring it forward as an example of theatrical intonation and studied effect. Whatever may be the truth of these various opinions—and, being merely opinions, their truth can never be ascertained—it admits of no doubt that Miss Gushing has the power of exquisite modulation, and of producing tones that linger in the memory and ravish the ear.

Such are the personal characteristics of a young lady of considerable importance in English society. For two seasons her small but graceful figure has moved through drawing-rooms, the centre of admiration, and electrified the Row and the Park. Nor is there, at present, any prospect of a wane in her influence. As far as actual age is concerned, she will be young for some years to come; and social caprice seems to have no intention of overthrowing her empire. The cause of her powers of fascination is the subject of innumerable discussions, which have given rise to various ingenious theories of character. The ladies universally declare that it is purely the result of amiability, and wish that natural merit were always as justly rewarded. The men, on the contrary, ascribe it to the most unlovely causes. Conceit, artfulness, affectation, and cold-bloodedness, are some of the qualities attributed to her as the main-springs of action; and among a certain section of her male acquaintance, the phrase, "heartless flirt," finds special favour. A curious observer might have noticed last season, in the morning rooms of the various clubs, knots of young men scattered about, eagerly engaged in discussing some question of apparently great interest. This question was Miss Gushing's character. Most extravagant were the expressions made use of—some favourable, most unfavourable, but none in anything like moderation. The impression she makes is always very good or very bad; men either worship or detest her.

Thus, even in the simplest matters, how difficult is it to arrive at truth! Miss Gushing has held the first place in youthful society for more than two seasons, yet none are agreed as to the fundamental principles of her success. How, then, if this is the case, can an unbiassed observer venture to express an opinion on a subject respecting which the most experienced disagree? The utmost he can do with safety is to narrate the circumstances, and leave the readers to draw their own conclusions. In accordance



with this plan, we shall give an account of the most important incidents in Miss Gushing's social life ; and, carefully observing the strictest impartiality, leave the principles to be inferred from the facts. In our next number will appear Miss Gushing's little affair with Mr. Ladle, which is not the least striking adventure in her fashionable career.

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### UNCROWNED KINGS.

MR. H. B. COSSHAM believes in "uncrowned kings." So do we. Thus far we are in unison,—*sed ne plus ultra*. We shall exhibit the extent of our belief in these remarkable individuals by a comparison with those more fortunate rulers, who have undergone the now despised ordeal of being crowned.

A Crowned King we may define to be one who in the first instance by the will of Providence, and thereafter by hereditary right, becomes the sole recognised ruler of a people. His authority is confined to his own domains, and he has nought to do with any dominions outside his own border, except in the fulfilment of certain social and political duties which may arise from mutual intercourse with his neighbours. What then is an Uncrowned King? He is one who, in the first instance by his own will, and thereafter by the forced assent of other fanatics, becomes recognized as the head of a greater or smaller class of individuals who think differently from an All-wise Providence as to the "Eternal fitness of things," and whose consequent aim it is to overthrow the existing arrangement of things in general to suit their own new-fangled and selfish ideas. To continue our definition, he is one who—generally arising from the inferior strata of society—desires to establish himself at the loftiest summit of the attainable ; who considers the realization of his one idea—for he has seldom more—to be the one object for which he and all mankind were created, and who consequently subverts to it every principle of honour, religion, and virtue. Accepting such a definition, the only one we can honestly propound, few will refuse assent to the assertion of the Reform Leaguer, that Edmond Beales (M.A.) is worthy of the title of "uncrowned king." See how he satisfies the terms of our definition. How, king in all but name, by sheer force of will, he has established himself in that luxurious Presidential chair, but the forecast, by the way, of a nobler Presidency in store for him hereafter ! How by craftily holding before his dupes all the glories of that political Utopia which already skirts the



horizon, he enforces the entire submission of their will to his; how, in his struggle to raise himself from the inferior stratum of political society in which nature has placed him, he strives completely to overturn the whole system of our constitution, whereby, by the inversion of the two extremes, he shall find himself in that haven where he would be. That the refuse of political sewers do congregate round such a hero, is by no means so strange as at first appears; for there is a fair average of truth in the ancient adage that "Birds of a feather will flock together."

But let us to the fountain-head. Let us glance for a moment at The Great Uncrowned—he for whom this title first was claimed. We are fully aware how gently we must tread in speaking disparagingly of Garibaldi. He has won over the hearts of thousands of Englishmen simply by his noble bearing as a soldier, and his unselfish disposition as a politician. But we must not be misled by points even so fine as these. We must ever bear in mind that he is blindly striving for an end without regard to the means thereto, that he is leading an unprincipled insurrection against one of the Powers that be—for weal or woe it matters not—thereby supplying a precedent which, if we assent to it now, will assuredly revert hereafter on our own heads, working confusion to our established rule of peace, and ultimately landing us in a position by no means to be envied.

On the abstract question of Temporal Power, it is not our intention to trespass much. We could not befriend it if we did—in fact we are all so much agreed on that point that any lengthened discussion on its own merits would be superfluous. We confess our inability to see the essentiality of the unity which is supposed to exist between the Temporal and Spiritual power of Rome, nor are we so blind to facts that we are unaware of the failure of His Holiness as a temporal sovereign. But though un-essential, the said unity is not without precedent, for we have only to look at our own country and our own Queen to find the Head of the State likewise the Head of the Church. And, on the other hand, if the Papal Kingdom is not the best governed in the world, neither is England for the matter of that; the Garibaldians find fault in Italy, the Fenians in England, and how can we, with the smallest pretence to consistency, applaud the one and condemn the other with the self-same breath.

If, on the one hand, the Fenian hosts were to assume dangerous proportions England alone would be involved; while,

if, on the other, the Holy City is entered into by Garibaldi and his minions, and Pius IX. is driven to seek refuge on more lenient if not more congenial soil, the whole of Central Europe may be shaken to its foundation, by the most scourging and ghastly war which has yet been waged in modern days. But we would point out to honest men—men who are willing to look facts in the face—that the Temporality is but a secondary motive of Garibaldi's warfare. It is not a question whether Rome or Florence shall be the capital of Italy, whether the superscription of Victor Emmanuel or Pius IX. shall adorn the coinage of the hitherto Papal States, or whether the Roman people are or are not entitled to choose their own king. It is none of this. It is the spirit of Infidelity rising in antipathy to that of Christianity; the intoxicating spirit of mob law against that of established authority. That it is, as we say, not a political but a religious cause, let those who doubt but turn to the various letters and *quasi* proclamations of Garibaldi, and also to the addresses and speeches of his enthusiastic devotees. There they will see that it is not the Roman States but Rome itself, even to the Vatican—against which the wrath of Garibaldi is kindled, against which the whole tenor of his mind is directed. And it is our duty, as crusaders against one-sided bigotry and intolerance, to warn those whom it may concern of the serious responsibility which will rest on them hereafter, if they allow themselves to be so far carried away by their own feelings and prejudices as to support an unholy rebellion against a religion, which, however unsound it may be in itself, is not only the religion of the country, but (and these two are by no means convertible terms) is also the religion of the people in that country. It will bode ill for the future peace of nations when Garibaldi is transformed from an uncrowned king into one crowned with the laurels of victory.

J. H. B., M.A. *Edin.*

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#### IDEAS versus £ s. d.

MANY of those who look with mistrust and alarm on the wide extension of the electoral franchise, and the admission of so large a number of the working class to a share of political power, have expressed their fears lest, in future, the Government should, from the pressure exerted upon it by masses of short-sighted and impetuous men, be induced to undertake wars on behalf of ideas, instead of, as hitherto, limiting the employment of armed inter-

ference to those cases alone which shall affect the commercial or other material interests of the country. So far, however, from viewing such a contingency with feelings of anxiety, we should rather be inclined to consider it a matter for congratulation; believing that wars carried on for the vindication or realisation of ideas, are often those on which alone a nation can look back with pride and unmixed satisfaction.

Indeed, so conscious of this are all, even they who are the least willing to acknowledge it, that whenever the country finds itself engaged in a war for the maintenance of our political power, or of our mercantile interests, in any quarter, people endeavour, by sensational and sentimental leaders, speeches and songs, to delude themselves into the notion that we are gallantly and disinterestedly fighting for some grand principle, and for the just rights and liberties of the nations, whose cause, from purely selfish motives, we may for the time have made our own.

Nothing more chivalrous than the desire to maintain their power in the Mediterranean, and, in the case of England, indirectly in India too, induced the Allies to engage in the Crimean war. They well knew that the political and religious influence enjoyed by Russia among the Christian population of Turkey would give her an immense advantage over themselves, should she succeed in extending her frontiers to the shores of the Levant. For the integrity of the Turkish Empire, other than as an inert and virtually a neutral state, they cared not a straw: yet the literature of that period teems with allusions to the "cry of the oppressed" and the "tyrant's fall;" as if the Turkish pashas were not every whit as great tyrants and oppressors as the sternest governors of Poland or Circassia!

The grossest instance of a war for facts to be found in the annals of our country is that waged with the Chinese, for the purpose of compelling them to recognise the trade in opium, which the Celestial Emperor had, with praiseworthy solicitude for the welfare of his people, declared to be illegal and contraband; and though subsequent outrages perpetrated by the exasperated Chinese on British subjects to some extent justified the further prosecution of hostilities, yet there are but few now-a-days so lost to all sense of decency as not to prefer preserving a discreet silence on the occurrences of that period.

If, on the other hand, we endeavour to look beneath the surface of events, deeper than the ostensible pretexes and pretensions of diplomatists, to enquire into the causes which have prompted the great wars of the last twelve years, we shall find that they

have in every case been strivings, more or less successful, towards the realization of ideas, the vindication of living principles. The independence and unity of Italy, now all but accomplished, the consolidation of the great German race, now in process of completion, are but expressions of the idea of nationality, which, let scoffers ridicule it as they will, urges men who feel themselves related to one another by ties of blood, language, and community of sentiments and of interests, to draw closer in the bonds of union.

What is liberty? Surely not lightness of taxation, security of person and property, not even the impartial administration of justice, for all these may exist under the most absolute despotism; and no man, even the most devoted worshipper of Mammon, ever felt enthusiasm on a question of pecuniary interest, unless some higher principle were, or were supposed to be, therein involved; for enthusiasm is the entire oblivion and merging of self in some object dearer than self, or some idea more vivid.

It was not the payment of a few shillings or pounds of ship-money that drove Hampden to arms (we do not pronounce an opinion on the later acts of either party), but the conviction that the tax in question violated a great principle of the British Constitution.

The idea of the Constitution, though it never has been, though it never can be, fully realized, is none the less a reality, more real than the Queen, Lords, and Commons, who are collectively but expressions, for the time being, of the attempts at its realization.

Every idea, in the original sense of the word, involves the union of two notions, which, though, when viewed singly and by the understanding, they seem opposed, are resolvable by the reason into one. Such, then, are the principles of permanence and of progress, Conservatism and Liberalism, the gold and silver sides of the fabled shield; while, in the adoption of the new name of Constitutionalism, we see an indication of a growing apprehension, though as yet dim, and perhaps half-unconscious, of their actual identity.

In times of peace and undisturbed prosperity, men rest contented with mere matters of fact and particular or partial truths; the commercial spirit, the bane of all that is lofty and generous, stifles enthusiasm and the higher aspirations of the soul, while

"The jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honour feels,  
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels."

But in the hour of tumult and shaking, the conflict of angry passions, and of hostile opinions, they begin to feel a craving for something more real than the platitudes and shams with which they had hitherto been satisfied; they awake to a consciousness of ideas in all their intense reality; and the more abstract these may be, the more powerfully do they take hold on the minds of men.

The history of Europe prior to the Reformation, of England during the Civil Wars, of the Thirty Years' War in Germany, of the great French Revolution, and of Italy for the last ten years, is but one continuous illustration of the great truth, that ideas, possessing men rather than possessed by them, are the mighty motives which impel men irresistibly onwards to action, and underlie the whole course of events,—that the greatest revolutions, religious, political, social, and even commercial, coincide with the rise and fall of metaphysical schools, and, as Coleridge observes, have their origin, not in the cabinets of statesmen, nor in the minds of practical men of business, but in the closets of philosophers,—that, as the profound thinker and acute politician, Lord Bacon, asserts, a knowledge of the speculative opinions of the bulk of young men between the ages of twenty and thirty years, is the one rich source of political insight and power.

Does not the clear apprehension of this law raise one above the petty quarrels and the mean arts of distracted parties, and enable one to

"Doubt not that through the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns!"

FITZ-EDWARD.

## ENGLISH PREMIERS, A DIALOGUE OF THE DEAD.

### IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

EVERY one who has read the *Divina Commedia* is aware that in the world of departed spirits, persons of the same character and of the same office are very apt to herd together. Kings and emperors, philosophers and poets, for example, are drawn together by strong affinities and pass the time very pleasantly, or painfully, as the case may be, in talking over past experiences and comparing notes. In the last visit which I was fortunate enough to pay to that shadowy region after the fashion of Erasmus and Lucian, I enjoyed a rich treat. I found myself in a sly corner of a spacious compartment, where a number of

beings in whom I have always taken great interest were assembled together. These were the English Premiers from the time of Sir Robert Walpole down to Lord Palmerston, of happy memory. They were not convened in a formal manner, but flitted in and out with little ceremony and in various costumes. They had all a certain resemblance to each other, and appeared to be on the best of terms, except now and then their harmony was broken by the appearance of some loaves and fishes. On these occasions they had often high words, and would, I suspect, have come to blows, if their frames had been more substantial. They evidently found it difficult to shake off their former habits: and I was assured by several old inhabitants, that not all the floods of Lethe could avail to wash out the distinctive features of a prime minister. In spite of all the changes which had passed upon them, I had little trouble in identifying them. If I was ever in doubt, some passage in their history, some portrait or caricature, came to my memory, and enabled me to decide which was which. Their manners, however, were very perplexing, and they were strangely forgetful of the *convenances*, addressing each other with a familiarity or mock politeness, which to me seemed quite surprising. Some allowance, too, must be made for my being unused to the place, and for my often mixing up, as I am afraid I did, what I saw with what I recollected of their earthly career.

Nothing diverted me more than a meeting between Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Palmerston. Few people call the former Lord Orford in Hades; and I fancy they are rather indifferent to titles there. He was drest in a suit of broad-cloth, and buttoned to the chin. He had a hunting-whip in his hand, and was reading a letter from his gamekeeper when Lord Palmerston approached. He looked very jovial, and much more like a country squire than a Premier. As to Palmerston, he is old for "Cupid," and does not get back to immortal youth. But the old viscount is full of *bonhomie*, and advanced cordially towards Sir Robert. I never saw more congenial statesmen, especially at that moment; for Palmerston looked as if he had just dismounted after a run with the hounds.

"Good morning, Sir Robert," he said. "I'm delighted to see you; we shake hands across a hundred-and-twenty years, which is a trifle in this place. I assure you I know several persons between whom there are four or five thousand; yet they are intimate friends. I shall never be able to call you Orford. No. History knows you as Sir Robert; so do I. What a fresh air there is blowing this morning. I almost fancy myself at

Broadlands again. Doesn't it make you think of Houghton? Ah, you had a splendid seat there. Honest Bob! you feathered *your* nest, and I—ha, ha, ha,—that alliance with Lady Palmerston crowned my cup, didn't it? How I should like to have had you always at her Saturday evening assemblies. Tell me honestly, now, did I prove a worthy successor of your line—the great line of English Premiers? Do you own me as a kindred spirit? I always looked up to you, though . . . . .”

“I understand, Pam;—though the disciple ran ahead of his teacher. You would not have got into hot water so often if you had stuck to my pacific policy. But I admire you for it. You're a true Briton; and I am not the man to blame you for making her flag and free institutions respected all over the world. The Protestant Succession and Free Trade were my hobbies, and I would—you know I would—have repealed the Test Act if I had not fallen among a stiff-necked generation. You remember all I did for the Quakers, and how that mitred bigot, Edmund Gibson, withstood me. I paid him out for it, and took good care that *he* should not go to Canterbury. Well, I steadied the ship, didn't I, Pam? I liked being at the helm. What glorious fun it was! Dull work, dull, very dull, when they shelled me with a peerage. I never could read—envied that vagabond Carteret his taste for literature. Confound the fellow, there he is—always crossing my path—I wish I could send him off again to Dublin. But I mustn't lose my character for good humour. How d'ye do, Granville?”

“Well, my lord,” replied Carteret (for half the premiers have two names at least), “delightfully well, and as gay as a dozen larks in spring. Pitt and I have been having a bottle or two together. He stuck to his port, of course; but champagne and assmannshauser are the stuff for me. He has been twitting me with my “Drunken Administration,” which was not kind in him, especially as all the world knows how the turnpike-man fired a blunderbuss at him when he rode through the gate drunk with Dundas and Thurlow. He seems to think I don't know all about him, because he was long after my time. How absurd! As if I hadn't learned enough of his history since I came here to write a life of him if I would. But if he twits me, I can always have my revenge. If I begin to quote German, he is floored at once, for he knows nothing at all about it; and though he is mighty in talk, I can perfectly dazzle and defeat him with the richest details of history which he has never read.”

“Yes,” rejoined Walpole, “it's a marvel to me how you ever



had the patience to store your brains with such a mass of varied lore. Pardon me if I tell you frankly that I think you were far more at home in a library than at the council-board."

"*You say so, no doubt,*" said Carteret, a little piqued.

"To be sure I do," added Sir Robert, laughing. "But tell me, how have you been charming Pitt. It is a bold man who talks of dazzling and defeating *him*. I have heard a thousand times that Fox was the only debater that had a chance with him."

"Debater"—true; but I have been talking with him, not debating. First I flooded him with the history of Gustavus Adolphus. He was charmed with the victorious march through Pomerania and Saxony, the battle at Leipsic where Tilly was worsted, the passage of the Lech, and the triumph over Wallenstein. Then I ran off to the *Æolic Digamma*, and finished up with the Letters of Phalaris. But I see you are getting fidgetty. A thousand pardons. I know you hate books, yet you never forgot your Horace. I was more at home in my study than at the council, eh? And yet, Sir Robert, you would have got on very badly sometimes without me. Who used to act interpreter there? Who translated everything offhand from or into Spanish, Swedish, Italian, and Portuguese? Give "the German minister" his due.

"If I give him his due," said Walpole, growing warm, "I should drown him in a wine-vat. Did you not join with that shadow of a premier, Wilmington, with Pulteney, and Pitt the First—that "trumpet of sedition"—in appointing a secret tribunal to inquire into my conduct? Was there ever a more hateful proceeding? But come, we won't revive old grievances. Your "bill of indemnity" was hurled into darkness, and there let it rest. Look, here is Newcastle at hand. The sight of that old lady is as good as one of Congreve's plays any day."

The Duke of whom Walpole spoke was not alone. He leaned on the arm of his brother Henry Pelham, whom he had succeeded as Premier, and had outlived many years. The younger of the two was a courtly looking man, and had the air of one who is accustomed to meet with universal respect. No genius flashed from his eyes, no ponderous thought seemed lodged in his forehead; but he looked as if his mind were equipoised and guided habitually by good sense and experience. But his elder brother was clearly an original. Impatient of Henry's arm and sober pace, he was in a hurry to get on, and actually hustled himself into a run to meet his old colleague, the great Sir Robert Walpole. Bowing politely to Palmerston, and rather, distantly to Carteret, he fell on Walpole's neck and hugged him.

"My dear friend," he cried in a sort of quick stammer, "my brother's friend, the king's friend, your country's friend, God bless you! I must shed one tear—a few tears;—emotion overcomes me; and the gout—Oh these villainous twinges! Henry has been disturbing my peace of mind, too, this morning, all about a trifle. He's a good brother, after all. What a figure we cut in English history! Was ever any man more fortunate than I? A duke at 18, one of the richest subjects in England; in office nearly half-a-century, and with such colleagues as you, Walpole, and Chatham, to say nothing of Henry and Rockingham! Don't you admit, my Lord Pal—Pal—merston, that we had a fine—fine—time of it?"

"Indeed you had, Duke," replied the Viscount. "But in fixity of tenure I believe I am your equal. I was in office forty-five years at different periods, and that is pretty well, seeing I had to rely mainly on the fickle multitude."

"Of course you took care to be always on the crest of the tide. We tried that sort of thing under Rockingham, but it would not answer. He and Burke went in for Americanism; but the King, God bless him, was against it, and I can't say it suited the sto-to-machs of the Old Whigs. The Pel-Pel-hams coalesce with democracy? Never, never. But here is my brother in tribulation. Here is Chatham in his chair with his black velvet suit on. I wonder he ventured out this morning. One would think there was to be a debate on the American colonies. I must inquire for his health. Pardon me. Adieu. Back again in a second. *Au revoir.*"

"His name," said Sir Robert, as Newcastle turned away, "is Perfidy. We both loved power; but I would brook no rival: he would bear with any, or betray any, to retain it. He used to call Stanhope his 'dearest friend,' then he transferred his allegiance to me, then to Chatham, and so on to the end of the chapter. Effervescent nonsense bubbles from his lips, yet he is the most designing and crafty old sycophant you ever knew. They called me the father of corruption, and I don't deny that I used the wealth of the State in the service of the State. I often purchased support, and I was right in doing so. But what was my bribery—if such you are pleased to call it—compared with Newcastle's flagrant jobbing, which Chatham affected to ignore? Here he comes again, running and sprawling—and blubbing, I declare. Well, Duke, what has Chatham been doing to you?"

"Rating me in his most imperious way," replied Newcastle, "bruising my feelings, nay, he was on the point of bruising me

bodily. He lifted up his crutch against me. If I had not pitied his flannel-swathed legs, I would . . . . . It really is hard to bear such indignities, nor would I bear them from any one less than Chatham or my royal master. But I must do his bidding. He rules the storm. Fleets and armies await *his* fiat, and *his* thunders prelude victory. Where are we? How came we thus together, we Prime Ministers? Is this earth or . . . . . I am in a dream. Ha—Lord Palmerston—that was it—yes. Lord Palmerston, Lord Chatham desires the honour of a few words with you.”

(*To be continued.*)

## LINES FOR MUSIC.

### BRING ME CORAL.

BRING me coral, bring me shells,  
Nautilus or glittering sand;  
If it in the great sea dwells,  
If it loiters on the strand,  
If it tosses in the brine,  
Bring it me, and make it mine!

Bring me pearls, or bring sea-weeds  
From the gardens of the deep,  
From the green and watery meads  
Where the long-locked Nereids sleep,  
Bring me jewels from the caves  
Chambering the drowsy waves.

Whatsoever Thetis hides  
In her beating bosom bring,  
Whatsoever lavish tides  
On the agate pebbles fling;  
All things silvered by the sea  
Have a token-charm for me.

Ah! my straining eyes, how oft  
To the more alluring sea  
Turn they from the clover croft  
And the scanty herbage lea,  
Watching every sail afar  
Where my heart's two treasures are.

Never have I loved but two,  
 Never shall I love a third,  
 One is buried in the blue  
 And, whene'er the wave is stirred,  
 Into music, every billow  
 Lullabies my love's last pillow.

Never have I loved but two ;  
 Never shall I love a third ;  
 One is blown about the blue,  
 Every windy whistle heard  
 Wafts my loved for evermore  
 Where I wait him on the shore.

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A CHARADE.

HE sits by the fire, his pipe in his hand,  
 And the lazy smoke curls from his lips ;  
 The *Times* is unread, or but hastily scanned,  
 While his negus he thoughtfully sips.  
 Dejected he seems : at his shirt as he looks,  
 He smothers a groan of despair.  
 My *second* is wanting—it cannot be hooks,  
 Now what is my *first*, lady fair ?

My *second* is round,  
 And always is found  
 In the stores of a notable wife.  
 If my *first* should be wise,  
 He'll not warning despise,  
 But get him a partner for life !

My whole you have guessed is a flower I trow,  
 And my *first* would have found it most useful, you know !

—Answers may be sent to the Editor A. T. R.

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STORM AND CALM.

WITH a free, light step he paced the deck,  
 His heart to his dear home turning ;  
 He thought of the friends that he soon would meet  
 At his hearth, with its warm light burning ;

All flushed in the breeze, his bride was near,  
 While the light waves, gently creeping,  
 Gave a music so low, that they could not wake  
 The child in those strong arms sleeping !

An hour passed by, and the night came on,  
 And the storm burst down in thunder ;  
 And the waters moaned with the moan that tells  
 Of lives to be rent asunder :  
 The lightning-bolts at each moment show  
 The waves o'er the bark fast sweeping,  
 Where a young wife prays on her husband's breast,  
 And a child in his arms lies sleeping !

But the storm is over—the spent wind droops—  
 For the calm comes back with morning,  
 Out shines the sun, and the dancing waves  
 Flash fast in the golden dawning ;  
 But, *below*, there rest, on whose vacant hearth  
 The loving in vain are weeping,—  
 A wife, and a sire, and a dark-eyed child,  
 Close-clasped, in his dead arms sleeping.

P. D.

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#### SHORT NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

*The Forest and the Field.* By H. A. L., the Old Shekarry.  
 London: Saunders, Otley & Co. 1867.

The writer of this interesting work gives his impressions of the dreary swamps on the Western Coast of equatorial Africa, and paints the negro as he found him. The author does good service by showing the absurdity of placing the ignorant savage on an equality with the civilised man. This latter theory has been upheld by a certain influential party in England, whose feelings have been worked upon by false representations. The Jamaica Committee and their allies are doing this country an injury which they can never repair.

*The Anthropological Review.* London: Trübner.

Launches fairly into the study of races; and we are glad to see, from the July and October numbers, that no foolish nigger champion has been allowed a hearing in its pages.

*Church Embroidery, Ancient and Modern.* By ANASTASIA DOLBY. London: Chapman & Hall. 1867.

This is a really practical work on Church Embroidery, and is beautifully illustrated. It ought to be in the *boudoir* of every lady who devotes time and money to church decoration.

*The Handbook of Architectural Ornament.* By W. GIBBS. London: Atchley & Co. 1867.

This handbook is designed for the instruction of the workman by appealing to the eye through the medium of pictorial representation; and mere technical knowledge has been avoided as much as possible. The work will be serviceable to many.

*The Story of a Feather.* By DOUGLAS JERROLD. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER. London: Bradbury & Evans. 1867.

A beautifully illustrated edition of this work has been issued, and we recommend it strongly as a school prize book for junior classes.

*English Monasticism.* By O'DELL T. HILL, F.R.G.S. London: Jackson, Walford & Hodder. 1867.

Mr. Hill has inflicted a book of 560 pp. on the public; and, if it sells well, it will not be through any recommendation of ours.

*Cassell's Illustrated Book of Fables.* By GUSTAVE DORE. London: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

Is exquisitely got up, and will prove a valuable work for juveniles.

*Life in a French Château.* By H. E. H. JERNINGHAM. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1867.

This book is well worth reading, and the author is evidently well up in his subject.

*Public School Matches, and those we meet there.* By a Wykehamist. London: Routledge & Sons. 1867.

An amusing shilling's worth for a journey; much better than many railway books with yellow covers.

*The British Lion*, 275 $\frac{1}{2}$ , Strand.

We are glad to notice a great improvement in this valuable penny weekly. The *B. L.* ought to be read by every working man in England.

*London Society*, for November, contains a most interesting article on Abyssinia. Some of the other papers are also cleverly written.

*Wine and its Adulterations.* By J. L. DENMAN. 1867.  
20, Piccadilly.

We are glad to see that Mr. Denman is keeping the eyes of the wine-drinking public open to the fact that many new wines, particularly those of Greece, France, Hungary, and Germany, are really more wholesome and less adulterated than those of Spain, Portugal and Hamburg.

*Half-hours with the Best Authors.* Part 15. By CHARLES KNIGHT.  
London: Warne & Co. 1867.

This is by far the best selection of standard works we have ever seen, and very cheap at the price of one shilling a part.

*Philips' Authentic Map of Arabia and Abyssinia.* London and Liverpool: Philips. 1867.

Those who want to study the topography of Abyssinia would do well to procure this useful map.

*A Glance at the Commons and Open Spaces near London.*  
London: Hill. 1867.

Members of Parliament will find much information and gather many useful hints from a perusal of this pamphlet, which has sound common-sense on its side.

*A Manual of Mythology.* By the Rev. G. W. Cox. Second Edition. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1867.

Mr. Cox's "Manual" will prove most serviceable to those engaged in the work of education. Hort's *Pantheon* will, now that we have Mr. Cox's infinitely superior work, sink into the oblivion it so richly deserves.

*Scalæ Novæ.* By D'ARCY W. THOMPSON. London: Williams & Norgate.

This is another valuable educational work, and ought to be used by every tutor in England who wishes to make his pupils really learn something of Latin. All the works of Mr. D'Arcy Thompson are good, and this is one of the best of them. The edition before us contains several *errata*, but they may be detected by the merest classical *tyro*.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall are doing good service by issuing cheap editions of Mr. Dickens's works. *Pickwick* for 3s. 6d. is really a literary bargain. Why do the booksellers in Holywell Street (we beg its pardon, "Booksellers' Row") persist in selling a work for 2s. 4d., and thus try to damage the market value of a really good people's edition?



*The Month.* Vol 7, No. 41. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1867.

This magazine has taken, and is likely to maintain, a very high position. A series of articles has appeared in it, entitled, "English Premiers;" in the current number the statesmen selected are Canning and Wellington. The writer of "English Premiers" describes graphically, and with a terseness rarely shown in magazine-writing, the leading peculiarities of each English Premier, and the chief political struggles which have occurred since the days of Sir Robert Walpole. In days like these, when men are gasping more for political knowledge than political platitudes, it is of the utmost importance that a series of able papers like those which have appeared in the *Month* should be reprinted in a separate form, and circulated throughout the length and breadth of the land. Messrs. Odgers, Mantle, Lucraft & Co., to say nothing of the martyr Beales, may pick up much useful information by reading (do Reform Leaguers ever read, or do anything but spout?) the very valuable articles which have become quite the feature of the *Month*. The author of "English Premiers" will be doing a good service if he allows some enterprising publisher to reprint his valuable essays for general circulation. The *Month* for November also contains a very well-written article on the "Intellectual Training of Women." We honestly confess that we do not agree with the conclusions arrived at by the Female Medical Society, and we shall be sorry when *Dr. Mary Walker* and her *con-sœurs* obtain that degree of notoriety into which some writers seem determined to push them. "A Narrative of the Days of Persecution" might, in our opinion, have been advantageously omitted. We know that in all ages—

"Christians have burned each other, quite persuaded

That all Apostles would have done as they did."

and that, if Father Gerard had had the power, he might—we do not (for charity's sake) say he *would*—have persecuted instead of undergoing persecution. The *Month* will, if it takes up a broader ground, become a favourite magazine amongst "all denominations of Christians."

Our attention has been called to a very one-sided pamphlet, entitled, *The Position of the Right Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, D.D., Lord Bishop of Oxford, in reference to Ritualism*. London: Hatchard & Co. 1867. Mr. Golightly is the reputed author of this work, and we are very sorry to find that any clergyman of the English Church can have been so led away by party

prejudice as to place insinuation against facts, and accuse his bishop of irregularities and dishonest practices. The pamphlet before us is a tissue of misrepresentation from beginning to end, and the "illustration" of Bloxham is not at all true to the life.

*Echoes from the Clubs.* No. 25. This publication, which has now been in existence half a year, makes a good ending to its first volume by exposing London money-lenders, and amongst them a certain Mr. Percy, who, it appears from the *Echoes*, has been in the habit of tempting many men to borrow money at most extortionate interest, by circulating amongst them a pamphlet with a red or white colour. "What is there," asks the writer in our contemporary, "so mysterious in the art of borrowing as to require the circulation amongst the public of a printed explanation."

*Echoes from the Clubs* is a well-written publication, and from the independent course adopted by its writers, we can fairly recommend it as a paper which may do much good in exposing many of the shams and unrealities so prevalent amongst us.

*The Tomahawk.* Nos. 20, 22, & 26. The title of this paper has been considered "peculiar,"—we think it a very appropriate one. Three numbers are before us, and we are bound to say that the writers hew to pieces with their satirical hatchet many social and political humbugs. The cartoons are remarkably good; and one writer says, with considerable force, "Can *Punch* find no more witty, or refined, or novel notion for his cartoon than that threadbare jest of dressing up the Pope as an old woman? Surely Mr. Tenniel might leave such subjects to his plagiarists." The *Tomahawk* is the best paper of pure satire which we have seen for years.

*Judy; or the London Serio-comic Journal.* The price of this paper has been raised to twopence, and we are glad to find a marked improvement both in the matter and the manner of its style.

*Banter.* A very good pennyworth, far better than *Fun*.

*The Hornet.* "An insect larger than a wasp" (see Webster). If Hornsey cannot put in a better appearance on the book-stalls it ought to put its head in a bag. Most hornets are supposed to have stings; we have analysed the one before us, and find it most stingy of anything approaching either to wit or satire.

*L'Unique.* The first and last number of a Parisian paper brought out during the Exhibition is clever and amusing.

*The Broadway.* No. 2. London and New York. G. Routledge & Sons. This Magazine came out with a great flourish of trumpets; but, if a Magazine must be its own trumpeter, why should it not give the public, to which it appeals for an opinion, some better engravings than "Bab's" rough croquet sketches? We think the *Broadway* is not at all likely to reach a mature old age; and, from the nature of its contents, its sudden death—whenever that event occurs—will probably cause but little grief "to a large circle of sorrowing friends."

*Cassell's Magazine.* Part 8. This is a really useful publication, well printed and illustrated. "The Three Beads," by Mr. Thomas Archer, is admirably written, and Mr. James Hannay's "Personal Recollections of Professor Aytoun," is most interesting, particularly to those who, like ourselves, are intense admirers of Dr. Aytoun's Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers. Scotland has produced many great men, and Professor Aytoun's name will long be revered as one which shed a lustre on the national *ars poetica*, of which Burns and Sir W. Scott have always been considered the leading lights.

*Cassell's Magazine* costs sixpence a month, and is in our opinion the best monthly out.

*Night: A Poem, by George Gilfillan, M.A.* London: Jackson, Walford, & Hodder, 1867. Many people abuse "Young's Night Thoughts," but the book contains many wholesome aphorisms. We cannot say as much for Mr. Gilfillan's *Night*, a book which never ought to have seen the light at all. If Scottish students have no better books to read under Aberdeen gas lamps, the sooner they drop reading altogether the better.

*The World before the Deluge.* By LOUIS FIGUIER. 2nd Edition, revised by H. W. BRISTOW, F.R.S. London: Chapman & Hall, 1867.

This is a very useful work, and ought to be read by all those who profess to know something of scientific books.

*Correspondence de Napoleon I.* Publiée par ordre de l'Empereur Napoleon III. Paris: Henri Plon & J. Duimie, 1867. The twenty-third volume of this interesting work is out, and should be carefully studied by all those who wish to know from the first French Emperor's own words what manner of man he really was. Our modern historians would not have made so many foolish mistakes if they had consulted these valuable volumes.

## THE DEFENDERS OF FENIANISM.

THE Reform League has at last come before the public in its true light. At a recent meeting of the enlightened Leaguers, several members of the Council openly declared themselves as sympathisers with the Fenians. This fact speaks volumes. We know what Fenianism is, and we have some idea of the acts and policy of its supporters. Fenianism is an organized attempt to upset the Queen's authority in Ireland, to overthrow the existing government, and to metamorphose it into a republic, of which a certain scoundrel named Stephens has been elected the "Head Centre."

One main object of the Fenians is to exterminate all those, both Irish and English, who are not ready to submit unconditionally to the new "Irish Republic." Wholesale murder and deeds of violence must inevitably be committed before that Republic can be established. The recent outbreak in Ireland, the mad attempt at Chester, the daring attack on a police van in Manchester, and the murder of poor Brett, the reckless bearing of the condemned criminals, and the public avowal of vengeance and desperation, teach us what we may expect from those misguided Irishmen who think they can avenge Ireland's "wrongs" by committing deeds which no one can think right. The Fenians have shown, both by precept and example, that they are nothing but a pack of traitors and murderers for whom ordinary hanging is too good a punishment. If there ever were two shams on the face of the earth, which, on the pretext and under the veil of "liberty," would resort to the most horrible measures at the bidding of desperate and unprincipled adventurers, Fenianism, and its foster-father and nursing-mother Reform Leaguism, are those two shams.

Fenianism is the more honest of the two, as its intentions have all along been openly declared. The members of the Reform League have shown themselves ruffians on two occasions, at Hyde Park and St. James's Hall; but it is only within the last month that it has openly avowed itself as the champion of traitors and murderers.

RED CLUB.

*Middle Temple.*

THE  
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*(Edited by Members of the Universities.)*

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No. VIII.—FEBRUARY, 1866.

Contents :—Mrs. Grundy—A Tract for the Times—A Brahmin Missionary—Scents and Wines—Married Life. No. 2.—A Cambridge Valentine—Our Bavardeur—A Fragment—Short Notices of New Works.

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No. IX.—MAY, 1866.

Contents :—The Pembroke Scandal—Married Life. No. 3.—An Appeal to Relations—Thoughts on Thinkers—Irish Teapots—Mr. Bouverie's Carte du Jour—How Miss Caroline Lost her Chance—Our Bavardeur—What Anti-Teapot Reviewers are Not—A Word on Reform.

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No. X.—AUGUST, 1866.

Contents :—The Session—Married Life. No. 4.—Thoughts on Thinkers (conclusion)—Reform Demonstrations—Irish Teapots. No. 2.—The Albert Victor—Clarissa—Our Bavardeur.

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No. XI.—NOVEMBER, 1866.

Contents :—Reform at Reading—Writers on Ritualism—Sensation Science—Our Bavardeur—The Democrat's Alphabet—On the Picture of the Burial of King Charles I.—Short Notices of Recent Publications.

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No. XII.—FEBRUARY, 1867.

Contents :—Unfounded Dislikes—The Anti-Slavery Society and Mr. Eyre—Cholera in London and the Provinces—Choice Advertisemen's. No. 2.—Fenianism—The Soldier's Dream—Idem Latine.

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No. XIII.—MAY, 1867.

Contents :—Legislation for Putney—The Prospects of Agitators—Io in Egypt—The Royal Academy—A Marriage Puff—The Morality of Petty Tradesmen—The Vacant Professorship of Poetry—Short Notices of Recent Publications—Rough Notes on Paris.

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No. XIV.—AUGUST, 1867.

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### Advertisements.

**DIED**—On September 21st, MARY, the mother of the President of this Society, aged 60.

**MARRIED**—On August 15th, at the Parish Church, Ashford, Kent, by the Hon. and Rev. C. J. Willoughby, M.A., Rector of Wollaton, Notts, EDWARD FRANCIS, WILLOUGHBY, of Redland, Bristol (late of University College, London), *Hon. Sec. of the A. T. S.*, son of the late Edward C. Willoughby, Esq., of Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, to AUGUSTA ANNE, eldest daughter of the Rev. R. H. Wright, M.A., Head Master of the Ashford Grammar School.

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The objects of this Club are to give every possible information to members of the A. T. S., concerning routes, and Hotels which have been tested by Anti-Teapots; to expose all overcharges and cases of extortion, and to keep a list of those hotels, &c., which may be confidently recommended from the personal experience of Anti-Teapots; and further, for the encouragement of papers on "Vacation Tours," so that the inexperienced may gain knowledge before they set foot on foreign soil. Non-Members of the Society are requested to forward *bona fide* communications to the President A. T. S., 65, Paternoster Row, E.C.

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#### THE ANTI-TEAPOT SOCIETY. NEW RULES.

The new rules are now ready, and each member of the A. T. S. ought to be supplied with a copy.

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#### THE ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW, No. 16.

Letters, books for review, &c., should be sent to the Editor of the *A. T. R.*, 65, Paternoster Row, E.C. Advertisements are received by S. DEACON & Co., 154, Leadenhall Street, E.C., of whom all information may be obtained.

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